

Incisive Jabs at the Hotel Clerk, Catarrh
and Other Defects in American
Character.

No man rose to about the size of the lions of the place. No one volunteered any sort of conveyance. I was absolutely alone in this big city of white folk. By instinct I sought refreshment and came upon a barroom full of bad Salon pictures in which men with hats on the backs of their heads were being shot. "This is the place," said the institution of the "free lunch." I had struck. You paid for a drink and got as much as you wanted to eat. For something less than a rupee a day a man can feed himself sumptuously in San Francisco, even though he be a bankrupt. Remember this if you ever come to San Francisco.

Later I began a vast but unscientific exploration

the birds. There was wealth—unlimited wealth—in the streets, but not an accent that would not be heard in the parlors of the great houses. It was in my mind that these folk were barbarians, was presently enlightened and made aware that they also were the heirs of all the ages and civilized of all the lands. I saw a man of a most unusual stranger of prepossessing appearance, with a blue and an innocent eye. Addressing me by name he claimed to have met me in New York at the World's Fair, and this I did not get until after the meeting. I did not remember the fact, but since he was so certain of it, why then—I waited developments. "And what did you think of me?" he asked when I was again before him the next morning. "I revealed the mystery of my presence."

about knowledge of shadows or anatomy—ne gentleman of leisure ruining the temper of publication and an already ruined market with attempts to write because everybody writes something these days.

PLEASANT NOTICES

My hosts were working or had worked for their daily bread with pen and ink, and their task for me most part was of the shop-shopper—that is to say, delightful. They extended a large hand of welcome and were as brethren, and I did homage to them as such. Their good wishes for my little nub about Christmas time will yield, if properly worked, an abundant harvest of queer tales; but a gathering of Americans from the uttermost north to the south would have been a more profitable source.

lived; then, for no reason that the author thinks proper mention, but evidently from dislike of single blessedness, she accepts a man much older than herself, who, however, is not so much everything in his power to be a good husband. Margie shows him no affection—she never has opened her heart to any one, but when her son is born she loves him, and her husband, who has no affection will hate his father. Afterward she makes room in her heart for a lover, who, like the lover usually selected by a woman of cold nature, is far more than her equal in intellect and character. In training from sin, she nevertheless is the subject of unlimited scandal, which finally compels a separation. When her husband dies she marries her son, who is both her husband and her father.

tic, and gives a great deal of information not obtainable from any other small volume. She has chapters on the Vedas and their mythology, the Upanishads, the code of Manu, the Mahabharata, the Ramayana, the the Mahabharata, the Bhagavad-Gita, and the Puranas, as well as a chapter on Krishna, the Hindu Cosmogony and Meditations. She also has a chapter on the Tantrical religion, but the authors read are the most prominent Orientalists in Europe, and portions of the text were revised by Max Müller and Sir Monier Williams. The book is a very good description and story of the Ramayana. It has more than a hundred pages, and proportionate space is allotted to the other great works. The book, as

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BEST HE COULD DO.

Strawber—Thomas Jefferson, I just heard that you sold your vote for \$2 at the last election. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

Thomas Jefferson—Well, sah, dat's all I could get.

STILL LIFE.

She (admiring a landscape)—Where did you find he scene of this gem of still life?

eration. When her husband dies she marries her
lover, who is much her junior, and who at once

plotted to the other great works. The book, as a whole, is a good introduction to Hindu literature.